

Christ, letting us ever deeper into the heart of God, and the glorious mysteries of His everlasting love.

WONDERFUL CHRIST.

How few of us know our security, our privileges, our dignity in Him. Again and again, through the Christian centuries, how the church stumbled in an out of "the truth as it is in Jesus." God had to destroy the very city and temple of the ancient theocracy to prevent a fatal judaizing of the better religion; and yet through all the subsequent generation the church has not outgrown the original tendency to put its own works in the place of the *One Person* whose work alone can serve as a ground of acceptance with God. I am glad this great truth is dawning on your soul, and that you are preparing an essay on the grand central theme of "*Justification by Faith*." Take away that doctrine, and there is no gospel. All the ordinances of divine appointment, and all our practical duties have nothing to do with the first step that identifies us with Christ, and gives us the same portion of righteousness in the sight of God which He himself occupies by *faith*, *REAL faith*. We are before God precisely what Christ is. It sounds very bold, but it is the boldness of meekness and utter self renunciation justified by the clemency of Jehovah in the Divine Human Mediator. "He hath made *Him* to be *SIN* for us who knew no sin; that we might be made **THE RIGHTEOUSNESS OF GOD IN HIM.**" II Cor. v, 21. What follows? What can follow but "**THE PEACE OF GOD** which passeth all understanding *through Christ Jesus.*" Philpp. iv, 7. To know this, to preach it, and to live it, is more than all the sectarian peculiarities and shibboleths over which Christendom is wrangling. How many a dear, honest, tradition-fettered soul would be shocked if Christ were to complement some modern alien with His generous appreciation of character,-- "*I have not found so GREAT FAITH, no, not in ISRAEL.*" But the Christ of yesterday is the Christ of today, and the life is still more than meat, and the body more than raiment.

I am not surprised that the more you *know* CHRIST, the more you value souls, and the more your heart is on

fire for their rescue. "GOD IS LOVE," and the CROSS is the *necessary issue*. Love without sacrifice for its object is even a divine impossibility. The more God-like we are, the more will life and time and money be at his disposal for the achievement of "His eternal purpose in Christ Jesus our Lord." Eph. iii, 11. God is a worker, and he reeds no drones in His Kingdom. John v, 17. II Cor. vi, 1.

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EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND NINETY-FOUR

BY B. C. MOOMAW.

Momentous thought: On its irresistible torrent time bears all things, joys sorrows, hopes, events, nations, worlds, and we ourselves, as the light foam which sparkles for a moment on the bosom of the flood, and is seen no more forever: * * * * * and this torrent of things which burdens time, rushing out of a past eternity, and straight on into an eternity to come, extending on all sides beyond the horizon of human knowledge, presents an incomprehensible verity environed before and behind with impenetrable mystery, awaiting for its solution the touch of ONE whose thought is before, and beneath, and beyond all being, like the sun whose smile awakes to life a beautiful flower, kindles a glory upon its fluttering leaves, and smiles still upon its autumn grave, knowing the resurrection which shall quickly follow.

In this vast whirl of mysteries man himself stands forth as the chief mystery, for which all other mysteries exist, possessing the key to them all, as yet locked up within his own bosom, beyond his own reach, but impatiently awaiting that consummation of destiny which the coming ages shall unfold, bringing him at last face to face with the author of his being, and answering every question, fulfilling every aspiration which arose from the deeper depths of his soul, refusing to be satisfied with an answer of transitory things.

Life: conscious being: the power of thought: that fluttering of an unseen wing; what touch of the wizard's wand can we liken unto it; what word of deep penetrating science can explicate it? We stand in the presence of the great fact as one might stand in

the presence of old ocean, awed, subdued to reverential silence, but comprehending it not. Nay, we are the fact. It is not separable from us. I am this mystery. Thou art this mystery. From whence has this flood tide of time borne us; and to what haven, or to what cataract, are we hurried along, not tarrying even for a moment though a beckoning paradise may smile from either bank, awakening within us the vain wish to linger amid its vernal bloom, and give over the fateful journey into the dread unknown before us?

Gone is the old year, nor shall it ever return, with all its freight of significant events; to some a troubled dream, to others a fragrant and delightful memory softly radiating in the soul like the subdued glory which lingers in the sky after the sun sinks behind the blue hills. It is gone to its own place amid the archives, or, it may be, amid the ruins, of a buried past, leaving perhaps, here and there, some small token which may speak its silent language to far off generations, searching with curious gaze among the crumbling monuments of a forgotten glory. As for the rest, the troubled hurrying to and fro of feverish millions, the serious problems of the day, the innumerable forest leaves of an exuberant literature rustling with the steady winds of sober thought, or driven before the tempests of human passion, they are but as the grass which today is, but tomorrow is cast into the oven, or as the chaff which the wind driveth away, or as the footprints of a child in the changing sands of the seashore.

And yet there is nothing so repugnant to the human mind as this thought of utter forgetfulness which hangs like a black shadow across every man's path. We recoil with horror from the thought of annihilation, that blotting out of name and memory as though we had never been; when even love, the last to forget, itself fades into dim nothingness, like a ray of warm light entangled in arctic mists, or imprisoned in mountains of eternal ice enveloped in eternal night.

No man however humble, however unbelieving, but stands sometime at the door of immortality, it may be only his own narrow, insufficient, distorted conception of immortality, stands